THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. SHIVELEY.

Dear Sister—sweet Affection's bond
Has long been pressing on thy brow
And I have seen the tear drops stand
In the dark eyes—dim with woe.
From recent weeping. Earth is huge
But not to those her bosom's rent,
One ray of pleasure brought with might
The saddest of hearts from grief to shield!

I've seen thee falling, day by day
I've watched thy slow but sure decline
And I have echoed thy longing sigh,
Farewell, my sister. Heaven is mine
And there we'll meet—there! But hark! list!
You'll weep my heart! Sister, dear,
And not my home your deepest grief
I—and the angels sing thy lay.
Rejoice for them! Immortal soul!
With coronet, robe, and undimmed bowl!
When Nature wears a smile or frown
In her Summer's luxurious round or spring!
Or in the gloom of Autumn's sad decay
Or Winter's cold and cheerless day
Yet why, oh, why? Thy weary soul,
Through all, is shield'd with love!
While holiness to be heavenly soul,
Where all in those who do!
And through the storm we're destined to pass
In summer shall our parting be
I'd show a confidence in heart
Were I to deeply mourn for thee!

Submission to the will of God
For such a sorrow is what is right in you
For I have felt His chastising rod
Without a murmur, with sorrow's pain
And when my souls of life run out
And I am call'd from Earth away,
When it comes for Heaven, our final rest!
"And thou my babe, white here I rest."

TO MY BROTHER.
A REPLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ABRAHAM SHIVELEY.

Dear Brother, sister—for all three of you
I greet you with the warmest love
And I will answer your kind letter
And tell you how I've been
And all—for matter that's between you
Through Nature's round, a little spot
Can I speak of where I've been
From those we parted I cannot speak
Without tears and some feeling
Yet I will write, and write them
Unless the King of Heaven it please
To have me—to Mr. Power Eternal
But why—or who should I be troubled
With the world of grief—
Where sacred love and power prevailed
And whence power from day to day
Have come—oh, Death! how my heart
Is wrung with anguish
Where the fine mortal from sense to
Is not the spirit—but the body
Or life and no place for the
And what have I to tell of you
Of Uncle Faith, mother, Hope and Mary
Of Uncle Faith, mother, Hope and Mary
From those sweet spots I cannot speak
And sweet Uncle and Aunt Shivelee
And sister Hope, and brother Jacob
And now, dear sister, I will write
Which whispers peace from day to day
Peace come, oh, Death! how my heart
And then—O, Brother, we shall meet
And then I shall and both shall see
Which sweet and happy thing will be
And then we'll be
But please let us be

Original Tales.

THE ECCENTRIC LOVER:
OR, THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BENJAMIN BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "THE BANDITS OF THE OSAGE," ETC.

I no chanced once upon a time, (to begin a the good old-fashioned novelist style,) that I was travelling from the town of N——, where I had been visiting a friend, to the city of Boston. As railroads were not so common then as now, in that part of the country, my conveyance was a stage coach and me. The latter, besides myself, were occupying the coach. There was one rather eccentric looking gentleman, seated exactly in front of me, whom, for the sake of distinction, I will, in my sketch, I shall at once take the liberty to describe.

To begin with his age. I should judge he had seen some thirty five winters. His hair was shorter, rather tall, and quite thick, and was of a dark brown color and curled. His eyes were black and—as I afterwards found—keen. His nose was long, and fully up to English standard. His teeth were regular, and were as white, as marble, would have been considered artistically handsome—but, unfortunately, his skin was somewhat darkened much from their beauty. Notwithstanding this, however, his complexion of face was clear and good, with the exception that in the expression there was something peculiar and puzzling to understand—which, for the present, I will not attempt to give an unfavorable stamp of intellect, and that, too, of no ordinary kind. His form inclined to the tall, and was of that athletic build from the waist up, and rounded off with that grace and fullness one has so much admires in women. His limbs were gently white, very regular, and visible when seen by spoke.

It has been my custom, for some years past, to study the human face in all its varieties, as seen in all grades of society, and I have found it, as a general thing, that as the grade rises in the scale—as a character, but there may be exceptions—so rather there may be those who so entirely differ from my rule of playing rightly to such, that there is no where to place them, or what judgment to form of their predominant traits. Now the case with the individual now before me, and although a perfect one stranger, there was something that excited my curiosity, whether or not, to the extent of a better understanding to explore. His dress was black, rich, and very plain, with three unglazed rows of buttons on his vest—of the others while, and not green, which gave it a rather unique appearance. But enough of this description.

As the stage coach was over a smooth, dusty road, and as my fellow passengers seemed more inclined for silent than conversation, I determined in order to break the dull monotony, and perhaps satisfy a curiosity, if possible, to draw the stranger into conversation. Accordingly I addressed to him some commonplace remarks, which he only answered by a monosyllable, or slight movement of the head. Finding my efforts to engage him in conversation useless, as he appeared abstracted and buried in profound thought, I gave up in despair, and coming back on my seat, let my own mind ramble far away to other days and other scenes.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we passed through the small, quiet village of B——, and as the coach passed a few minutes for change of mules, the stranger suddenly roused himself from the apathy that he maintained on the journey, and, with considerable earnestness, directed my attention to an elegant building surrounded by trees, vines and flowers of exquisite beauty.

"Do you note that building," he said, "as also the small white cottage that stands off to the right, and another of a similar character standing a little farther to the left—for I have a story somewhat romantic to tell you connected with all of them, as also with their former inmates."

My curiosity was now fully roused to know what he was about to reveal. As the stage moved on again, the stranger continued to me, and, after a moment's pause, as or hesitation, began his story. He seemed with his story. Although I cannot relate it exactly in his own words, I shall endeavor to preserve the spirit of it as much as possible, and yet, I shall entirely fail in giving that earnest tone, that heart-felt accent, and force of point, if I may so express it, by which he made every part tell with wonderful effect.

"Several years since," he began, "on a fine pleasant morning, in the month of December, a young man, some twenty-five years of age, was seen entering the town of N——, with a small bundle under his arm, and a pack on his back—the former containing his extra clothing—the latter, a complete set of shoemaker's tools. As my trade or his trade were somewhat scarce in N——, and as a large shoe store had just been opened in it, he was soon employed by the principal manufacturer there, for his trade were somewhat scarce in N——, and as a large shoe store had just been opened in it, he was soon employed by the principal manufacturer there, for he very readily found employment. He was evidently a man of considerable education and many talents; and, from his easy manners, and rather brilliant powers of conversation, wherever he chose to exert them, he soon became a favorite. His first success, that he had been much in society for about that usually accorded to one of his station; in other words, he was engrossed in that he had been for days. Many were the inquiries among the more curious as to who he was and whence he came, and as little were learned than of his former history. Time, however, rolled on—the young mechanic steadily pursued his occupation—and in such a manner as to gain the confidence of all in the vicinity of his residence. Some two or three daughters of extremely—allow comes forward to assist the mother—and, in the case of the young man, she did not fail to perceive that he—authorized part—but neither had the effect to move Charles Martin to acknowledge or contradict the supposition of the daughters or others in his family. Time, however, rolled on—the young mechanic steadily pursued his occupation—and in such a manner as to gain the confidence of all in the vicinity of his residence. Some two or three daughters of extremely—allow comes forward to assist the mother—and, in the case of the young man, she did not fail to perceive that he—authorized part—but neither had the effect to move Charles Martin to acknowledge or contradict the supposition of the daughters or others in his family.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES. This essay is tolerably well written, but, we are afraid, of scarcely sufficient interest to warrant its publication.

THE JEWEL WREATH. This poem is not good enough for publication, we are sorry to say to our fair friend, who pens the Post a complaint for which we thank her.

GENIUS IN DEATH. Tolerably well executed, but not of sufficient merit for the Post.

ACADEMUS. "I Think of Thee"—"To Virtue."

LECTURES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. We do not even object publishing things of a humorous character, unless they are *very* low. Now these lectures are simply, and coarse some very flat hits, but still they do not strike us as being of the taping order. We therefore respectfully decline them.

PERKINS IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE. This tale is to no means pure, but is scarcely good enough, we think, for the Post. We hold our correspondent also culpable from his position—he does know better.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is but natural for young men when starting out in life, to wish to succeed, and to strive for wealth, reputation or power, as the signs and passé of having succeeded. We say that this is no more than natural: and if this desire to succeed in life, be kept within proper and reasonable bounds, it is not to be censured. For the mind of man is prone to torpidity and sluggishness, and requires the rewards of toil and skill as incentives to taking itself to its utmost power, and then developing all the glorious attributes of true manhood.

But while acknowledging the rightfulness of this desire to succeed in life, to make money as a merchant or farmer, to acquire reputation as a lawyer, physician or literary man, or to acquire power as a politician and statesman, we wish to particularly upon young readers, especially upon the younger portion of them, the duty of guarding against the danger of being misled by the strong desire for success into mean and unworthy courses. It is well to succeed in life, but not well to succeed, if it cannot be done nobly and honorably.

There is an often quoted proverb which says that lofty sentiments are seldom reached, except by serpents and eagles. And we too find it in life. If we look around us, we shall see that the meanest men of the world, the men who have succeeded in acquiring great wealth, great reputation, or great power, are generally either very wise and noble, or very mean and ignoble men—in one word, they are either serpents or eagles. Of men who have acquired great wealth, this is peculiarly the case. They are either those by great energy of character, industry and foresight, have overcome all obstacles, and risen to their present height, with a steady wing, and eye that reposed in the clear light of day, and feared not to gaze steadily upon the sun, that great eye of Heaven; or else mean, heartless, avaricious, selfish men, who have never hesitated to take an advantage which the strict letter of the law would allow to them, never hesitated to press an unfortunate debtor to the payment of his last farthing, and crawled thus their slimy path, through dark and crooked ways, until having reached their "land eminence," they lose at and eminence, and wound, if possible, the nobler crowds below.

Now, we say to our readers, our younger ones especially, make up your minds that no success is better than a success purchased by the sacrifice of your nobler nature. You read in old stories of men who to acquire wealth and power, sold themselves to the Evil One. Believe us, such bargains are made by the men of the present day, every hour of your lives. What matters it that the Prince of Evil appears not in mortal shape, that no written covenant is required, signed with the sinner's warm red blood? The compact is just as binding made on the spiritual world of the mind, the covenant written as deeds is just as valid as that written in words, and the intricate blood which flows thro' a wounded conscience, is a more precious oblation to the Prince of Evil than that which flows from the ruptured vein.

We have spoken thus far more particularly to the young than we have a word here to the middle aged and the old. Why will ye tempt the young to their destruction? If the noble natural impulses of your youth have been gradually weakened by your stern contact with the world and the outward cares of this life, if your fine feel sense of right has been gradually dulled by daily contact with injustice and fraud, why will you seek to make the young old before their time? If as men grow old they most become more unfit for heaven, why seek to anticipate that late, which the swift hours too quickly will bring upon them. Perhaps they may be of those "the gods love," and "die young"—perhaps they may be able to paste in a generic degree that few have been also in, their nobleness, generosity, and a contempt of all wrong and meanness, are compatible with success in life. Be not, therefore, we beg of you, and sorry, gently your sons apparingly to some vile earth worm, whose whole soul seems intent but upon one object, that of getting rich, shrinking from nothing, however low and mean, that comes in the way of trade—do not, we beg of you, point your sons to him as one worthy of envy, or speak of him approvingly as "a good business man." "a successful merchant," or by any other name. Go frequently life "speak of him as he is—and say to your sons, that you would rather see them pour all the days of their lives, and sinking a pauper's grave, than to see them become the vile, ungrateful servants of Mammon, who have sacrificed every noble impulse, and laid up for themselves hereafter the terrible wages of sin and shame.

A DETESTABLE PLOT.

Recent events in Spain demonstrate almost beyond the possibility of doubt, that the late intervention made against Louis Philippe in relation to his designs upon the Spanish crown, are too true. Inhabited with the desire of aggrandizing his family, the French King appears to have pursued a policy towards the young Queen of that unhappy country, entailing the bitterest of misery upon the old father, when the statesmen of Europe arraigned and the deserters of the times and most unheard of means to accomplish their purposes. No plot has been this. Having married the sister of the Queen to his son, the Duke of Montpensier, hatred, by his stringers, and the influence of the Queen's mother, that unhappy lady into a marriage with a man whom she despised, and terminated in which, as we judge by numerous intimations in the English journals, tender more than doubtful the prospect of any issue from this unnatural union. The imperfect results of this atrocious policy have already begun to develope themselves. Queen Isabella, abandoned by her natural protectors, has been seduced into an attractive snare, set for her especial capture. Married and tormented upon all sides, despising the husband forced upon her by state policy, and loving another, she is almost willing to resign that crown, which has been to her a cause of thorns, and abandoning to the Duke of Montpensier and his wife, the government of her kingdom, with peace and the gratification of her outraged affections, in the shades of private life and a sincere home her husband. Such, at least, are the statements made by the Spanish correspondents of the leading English journals.

PROTESTANT NUNS.

The Protestants of France, as we learn from a foreign correspondent of the "Presbyterian," are trying to establish an order of female religious in France, under the title of Deaconesses, to be, according to all appearance, a kind of Protestant counterpart of the Catholic orders of Nuns and Sisters, and often spoken of female celibates.

THE WAR.

We are still without direct news from General Scott's army. The latest intelligence received, by way of Havana, states that General Scott had addressed a Circular to the Mexican States, inviting them to send their deputies to the Capital with full powers to conclude a treaty of peace. But after what has taken place, this seems to be altogether to be believed. It is also stated on the same authority, that a division of 1,500 men had been sent by General Scott to take possession of Toluca, a small place near the city of Mexico.

Col. W. M. Scott recently left Washington on the bearer of despatches from our Government to Scott; he also carries an order of recall, to be delivered to Mr. Trist. It is to be hoped that he will be able to reach his destination in safety, though the task of running the gauntlet from Vera Cruz to Mexico, even under the protection of an escort, is one of considerable peril.

We are yet in ignorance as to the truth of the statement relative to the rising of the populace of the city of Mexico upon the American troops within its walls; also as to the reported resignation of Santa Anna. The reliance of the former, the Vera Cruz *Arco Iris* of the 20th ult., states, that private letters from Jalapa and Orizaba mention as a positive fact that the city of Mexico had been the theatre of the most horrid and frightful spectacles. It proceeds to state that the subject took advantage of the desertion of the Capital by the Mexican army, to commence the work of outrage and plunder, and that a body of American soldiers having ordered to enter the city, were attacked by the infuriate populace—part of them driven to the gardens and citadel, and the remainder compelled to shut themselves up within the Convent of St. Francisco, which soon fell a prey to the flames of the imperious.

The Arco Iris reports further that to these horrors was added the bombardment of the city by the Mexicans, who, after having taken possession of the Citadel and other fortifications commanding the Capital; and that the loss of life and destruction of property had been immense—the city having suffered as much from her own savage mob as from the guns of the Americans.

The Mexican part of the story, on account to the Governors of the different States, of the defence of the Capital, and that after Chapultepec was carried, they retreated upon the Citadel. Here a desperate contest took place, which continued for two days, when the Mexicans, according to the *Mexican account*, in Gen. Scott's drawing off his forces. The circular says, that Santa Anna evacuated the city, "dreading a bombardment, and being anxious to save the Capital from the horrors of an assault." To give the Mexican version, as no American one has yet been received.

One of the latest rumors is, that Santa Anna has placed himself with the thousand men who remain the city of Mexico and Puebla, for the purpose of cutting off all communications between the Capital and Vera Cruz, and in order to prevent the ingress of the American reinforcements. He has recently issued three proclamations, intended to promote desertion, and create disaffection in the American army. The first offers ten dollars and two hundred square acres of land, to each private soldier that shall desert the American flag, and a proportionate compensation to officers. The second proclamation is in the form of an address from the "Mexicans to Catholic Irishmen." They (the Catholic Irishmen) are requested to listen to the "cruel designs of leaders," and to bear in mind as of a Catholic people. Allusion is artfully made to the riots at Philadelphia and Boston, and O'Connell is warmly eulogized. They are reminded of the love which Spaniards have always borne for Irishmen, and the question is asked—Are Catholic Irishmen to be the destroyers of Catholic temples, the murderers of Catholic priests, and the founders of heretical rites on this pious ration? The third proclamation is addressed to Irish settling in the American ranks. They are told that the Mexican nation regards them as deceived beguiled people, that if they present themselves as friends, they shall have "country, home, lands, and the happiness which is enjoyed in a country of *mild and humane customs!!!*"

It will be seen by the above, that the Mexican generals put as much confidence in this last and magnificent promises and high sounding words, as they would in a musket ball—and that they have fought better in these last battles around their Capital, than in any former period of the war.

GUNPOWDER.

The steamboat Hibernia recently took fire on the Monongahela river, and upon examination was discovered to her hold, and upon running the hatches, the flames burst out, and ascended almost to the hurricane deck, then turned and with fearful destruction. There were three hundred passengers on board, men, women and children, and the alarm was said to have been terrific. The fire, however, was soon extinguished, and the boat proceeded on her way.

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The Cincinnati Commercial says:

"The fire is said to have originated from the exploding of a keg of gunpowder, which was left by the steamboat Hibernian, on the 6th ult., on the levee. To the horror of all on board, it was discovered that some half dozen kegs, packed in barrels, and *several kegs of gunpowder*, surrounded by coffee, and in doing so the powder must have been carelessly thrown out, and the powder thus carelessly exposed. It seems almost a miracle that the boat was not blown to atoms, and three hundred souls ushered into eternity. One shudders at the very thought of such imminent peril."

The fire was first seen by a negro cook, who saw a blaze issue from the coffee

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Another correspondent, writing from the same place, and at the same time, tells quite another story, thus:

> With the geographical position of the country and of this bay in particular, the mineral riches of the mountains, and the facility of the whole valley to afford an inducement of industrious farmers and planters, from the United States, and subjected to a firm and steady government, California will realize in a few years the warmest wishes of her friends. California will be yet the most precious jewel of the Union. When the railroad to the Pacific shores is accomplished, or when the passage across the Isthmus of Panama shall be opened for commerce, the advantages that California possesses, will be made still more apparent. San Francisco will be the commercial emporium of the Western Coast of America, and the trade of China and of the Pacific will pass through her waters.

> In view of this, now is the time for a poor man to put his industry to the best advantage, and to do slowly and patiently with the country. In quiet and cheerful industry, the country is endowed by the morning region, where agriculture, mechanic arts and sheep-raising will be attended by where the best wine will be made in abundance, and perhaps, where cotton, sugar cane and coffee will also be cultivated."

Still another gives an alarming picture of the high winds, the raw gusts, but admits that in the valleys, the climate is agreeable and salubrious, and resembles that of Andalusia, in Spain.

GENERAL NEWS.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

The Albany Express relates the following rather curious occurrence:

On Sunday evening week, a very large audience attended the N. Pearl street Baptist Church, attracted in part by the announcement of the new Pastor, Dr. Welch, and partly, we doubt not, in consequence of the announcement made from the pulpit in the morning, that the rite of Marriage would be solemnized at the close of the service.

The theme of the Rev. Dr. was the peace and goodness of God, chosen as the basis for an appeal to the Christian churches and warm sympathies of the people, in behalf of the suffering Jews. The Pastor of the late session of the North Pearl street Church—S. C. Morton—who, though a colored man, has sealed his ordination among the most powerful habits of industry, strict integrity, and learning and intelligence, beyond the great majority of his class of contemporaries. The deacons were both present, by all the high and admired qualities which have placed Dr. Welch in the front rank of pulpit orators and extemporaneous preachers, and the appeal was not made in vain. In the midst of one of his happiest illustrations, and with tones and gestures admirably suited to the sentiment, he looked out upon the audience and exclaimed—*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!*"

The wedding party having been notified of the time fixed upon for the performance of the nuptial ceremony, had volunteered themselves as the last of the state-way, to readiness for the signal, which was to be communicated by the organ. The ushers, the deacons of the late session of the North Pearl street Church—S. C. Morton—who, though a colored man, has sealed his ordination among the most powerful habits of industry, strict integrity, and learning and intelligence, beyond the great majority of his class of contemporaries. The deacons were both present, by all the high and admired qualities which have placed Dr. Welch in the front rank of pulpit orators and extemporaneous preachers, and the appeal was not made in vain. In the midst of one of his happiest illustrations, and with tones and gestures admirably suited to the sentiment, he looked out upon the audience and exclaimed—*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!*"—and now the gesture, verily believed the time for the ceremony, arose from his seat and immediately beckoned the party to approach. They promptly obeyed the summons, and Bride and Bride-groom, Bride's maid and Bride-groom's man, stood solemnly up the broad aisle to the pulpit." The Dr. was in the midst of his discourse. The whole audience saw the awkward gesture of the organist, many understood the cause of the mistake, and all looked to see the preacher embarrassed and the nuptial party placed in a painful predicament.

But in this they were disappointed. Closing the sentence then instantly uttered, the Pastor with calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and advanced before the robe of his toga in the utterance of his words, to the humble bed where, he was informed, the candidates for marriage in a manner stood appropriate to the occasion, and to the beautiful style and lucid expression which he is so remarkable. The ceremony over, the wedding party retired, and the preacher, as surmounted the pulpit stairs, and had ascended, re-ascended into the desk, and taking up his volcret at the precise point where he had left it, (though he was not aware of the circumstance) finish his sermon. So admirably was the awkward accident managed, that we doubt whether the party themselves were aware anything unusual had occurred.

COTTON IN TURKEY.

The latest advices from England state that Turkey, have succeeded equal to the expectation of those who attempted it. Dr. Davis, at the suggestion of the Turkish Government, sent out to Carolina some time ago to test the practicability of successfully raising cotton in that country—a fine making the proper report on the seeds, examining the tables of the weather kept by the Rev. Mr. Dwight, missionary, the character and capacity of the people, Dr. Davis has received a body of land near San Stephano for a model farm, and that if was the best suited Mr. Goodwin's for because it was near the Sultan's cotton factory, and convenient for his inspection. He commenced his operations in March last, and finished the 25th of May. The cotton came up badly—indeed, the first importation of seed was damaged, when he found the exception of about five acres, none of it came up; when the second lot arrived, re-replanted. This all came up well, grew well, and was ready to pick, and in case full of bolls, and by the hundred acres planted promise to make more than 400 pounds to the acre. The cotton is white. There was no frost till January last year, and this is usually the case. The cotton was planted in rows, and the seeds dropped three inches apart on a level with the ground, anticipating the effects of dry weather. The cotton planters from America who have been there, pronounce the crop equal to that grown on any of our American plantations. The Carolina engineers think the same crops. The Carolina engineers think the cotton is as fine as Sea Island, and the district is one of the healthiest in Turkey. Dr. Davis is a native of Tarboro, near Edenton, and one Greek, whom he instructed in English geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, &c., who are to be assistants as he school here also.

A STRANGE FLOWER.

A new member of the Rafter (Moss) Begonia' tribe—One that will soon be found in most green houses, as much in appearance and as well to the touch as thought it had been grown in a hot house. Its leaves are of a dark green, with a silver shade, and a beautiful purple underneath. The stems and leaves

Selected Poetry.

TO MY WIFE.

They check'd pain with many cares.
They brow is overcast,
And day-fair faces a shadow wears,
That tells of sorrows past;
But inside lurk thy tongues for me:
How dark soe'er my lot may be,
I care for comfort, love, to thee.

My beautiful, my wife.

Thy gentle eyes are not so bright
As when I wooed this first,
Yet still they have the same sweet light
Which long my heart hath nurst.
They have the same enchanting tone
Which charmed me in love's early dream,
And still with joy on me they stream.

My beautiful, my wife

When all without looks dark and cold,
And voices change their tone,
Nor greet me as they did of old,
I feel I am not lone;
For thou, my love, art ever the same,
And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim:
Tho' all should scorn, thou wouldst not blame.

My beautiful, my wife!

A shadow comes across my heart,
And unrestrainds me fate.
Whene'er I think thou may'st depart
And leave me desolate.
For on the world, who looks alone
Seems gloomy path on which to roam,
Such should I be if thou went gone.

My beautiful, my wife!

If there were dead, the flowers might spring
But I should heed them not,
The merry birds might soar and sing—
They could not cheer my lot.
Before me, dead, I would not be called
And spread a pall o'er earth and skies.
If there no more thy loving eyes,

My beautiful, my wife!

And those dear eyes have since through tears,
But never looked unkind.
For sinless'd hopes and trust and fears
Still closer seem to bind
The pure and yearning heart to mine
Not for themselves their tears require,
But all thy husband's grief was mine.

My beautiful, my wife

When, at the evening, I see
My children throng around,
And know the love they bear me and the
My spirit and is bound
To earth, despite of every pain
I feel my soul can do and dare
So long as they my light and stare.

My beautiful, my wife

Selected Sketch.

AN AMERICAN TYRANT.

[A recent article in the American Review, from the pen of a gentleman who resided some time in Paraguay, South America, entrusted with a mission from the Government of the United States, gives the following account of Dr. Francia, the celebrated and infamous Dictator of that country. It is difficult for Americans to conceive the possibility of any people enduring such a tyranny for a single month:]

After the formation of the independent junta, Don Francia was appointed its Secretary. In time situation he soon showed a degree of talent that rendered him superior to all others him; especially in his profession of advocate he gained much popularity. He was, therefore, elected to the Consulate, when that form of Government was adopted, in conjunction with Yegros, who was an extremely illiterate man. This joint Consulate continued in October, 1813.—At this time the schemes of Francia first became apparent. He had summoned to Asuncion a Congress of the rudest class number of our Gauchos Aristocrats, nominated by himself, and most of them ignorant men from the country, with whom he had much influence. Notwithstanding this, he was compelled, in imitation of other great usurpers in the history of the world, to order out his guards to surround the church where his Congress met, by way of a gentle hint that he was to be obeyed. By this Congress he was made Dictator for three years. From this time he does not seem to have deemed a re-election necessary, but first had no practice by a system of usurpation, which he constantly extended and emulated, and by which he distracted and alarmed every family in Asuncion. He encouraged all the lower classes to look to him for favor and advancement, and sowed discord and jealousies among the better portion of the community by every underhanded means in his power. Moreover, he observed the most rigid economy in all departments of the State, and accumulated treasure very fast. With this he watched absolute power by drilling, clothing, raising, buying, and augmenting his troops, which he intended should be what they soon became, the main support of his tyranny.

From this time until his death, which took place on the twenty-third day of September, 1840, he adopted as his established principle a system of perfect non-intercourse with all the world, and his Government became, with each day that his usurpation was prolonged, only the more despotic and still a greater curse upon his country. Churches were robbed; religious exercises were desecrated; to pay the hirelings of his ambition will; convents bestows were turned from those whose he saw fit to despoil; and imprisonment or death was the alternative presented to the lives of the trembling inhabitants, exasperated almost beyond endurance by his cruelty, and yet utterly deprived of all means of redress. The city of Asuncion became shrouded in gloom: the houses, with doors and windows always closed—business suspended, and no sounds of domestic comfort or social felicity to dispel the awful stillness caused by the darkness of despair—ensued only to confirm the contemplated virtues of the Supreme. Ten years before his death, "the prisons were groaning with their inmates; commerce was paralyzed; vessels were rotting on the river banks; produce going to decay in the warehouses, and the business of his people was systematically encouraged as the best means of stifling terror into the hearts of the crouching and enfeebled citizens. Gaiety and fear pervaded every habitation; the meanest relations and dearest friends were afraid of each other; despondency and despair were written on every countenance you met; and the only laughter you heard in the city was that of Francia's soldiers over their revels in the taverns—or in their exultation over the affronts offered to unoffending citizens as they were openly deprived of their property in the streets."

These revolting facts being now established by the testimony of eye-witnesses, how shall we assert, with the hope of belief, that the young lord the ex-magnate in the great drama of tyranny to be enacted during the subsequent period of his Government? At familiarity with vice and blood hardens the heart—as men with no earthly affections to rest on and guide, to make them, by the purity associations of his own soul, fear for the tribulations of his fellow-creatures, as the tiger, which, having once tasted human blood, will have no other, so was Francia in the latter years of his life. Isolated by his fears from all society but that of an old negro woman, he ceased apparently to consider himself as of a race made his own vagary for fear of poison; and he spent his wretched nights in a room, barricaded like a dungeon, with loaded pistols on his pillow, and surrounded by a guard. From the narrative of the brothers Robertson, it appears that Francia also quarrelled with his father long before his accession to the dictatorial power. "They spoke not, not for years; at length the old man was laid on his death-bed, and before rendering up his great natural account he earnestly desired to be at peace with his son, Don Juppey." They obeyed; they wept; and the old man's silence was succeeded by the horrid apprehension that his cruel wound be lost if he left the world without a reconciliation with his first-born. He sent some of the medical relations to supplicate with the banished "cruel one" they implored him to receive his dying parent's benediction. He refused again. They told him that he (father) believed his soul could not reach heaven unless it departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which had now extended. "They tell my father that I care not if his soul descends to hell."

The fact portrays, with revolting force, the monstrous depravity of Francia, and is sustained by a large variety of other instances related by the same authors, proving him to fall into, perhaps, the most cruel despotism which the world has ever known. And yet the inhabitants of Paraguay, with whom the present writer has long conversed upon the subject, declare, with one voice, that the narrative of the Messrs. Robertson falls short of the reality, and by no means represents the tyrant in colors sufficiently dark to be a faithful picture. No wonder that the malevolence attempt against his dying parent chance to his own name and memory, in the bitterest denunciations of all his countrymen! For, in truth, he made Paraguay a scene of blindness and of misery of treason, more absolute and of misery more complete, than any ever presented to us in the history of the world. Almost, every man of any standing was first robbed of the means of subsistence, then banished, imprisoned for life, or shot—so that no one might remain to alarm his apprehensions or conspire against his unlimited authority; and the new patriots who survived this reign of terror fled to the interior, and silently awaited from the hand of Providence an opportunity to rise up for the regeneration of their country. At length their weary hopes were fulfilled. The tyrant died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a tumultuous horde of savage soldiers to prey upon the people; a country impoverished of its resources, nothing to the last degree; not a dollar in the treasury, or a public or private paper of his administration unburnt. Even his effects necessary, though unlamented by the people, and living in security with his family, committed suicide fifteen days after his death. Thus lived the tyrant, and thus he passed away, but on a blank indeed in the history and hearts of his countrymen.

His death-scene, it may perhaps be interesting to relate. Attended during his last illness only an old negro woman and a negro doctor, he was at length told by the physician that his condition was hopeless, and that he had better call on some one to administer to the welfare of his soul. Upon mention of a priest, which Francia hated above all things, he leaped from his bed in a paroxysm of rage, and, snatching his sabre, pursued the panic-stricken and retreating doctor to the door of his chamber. Here his strength failed him; he stumbled and fell, that fear was the death-bed, for when seized there nothing but the corpse of Francia remained—a fitting and unpitied ending for such a life!

The funeral of his death spread silently, as if people feared to believe such welcome tidings, or dreaded that some fresh plot might be devised to wound the trembling inhabitants. But while they were at this confused state, like men just awakened from a deep slumber, ere yet they had had time to collect their ideas, the alcalde ordered him to be buried in the accustomed form. A funeral sermon was preached in the National Cathedral, with mournful sound the soul to heaven; when the congregation present, they gave their utterance to their thoughts, would have expressed as much indifference about its welfare as he did, whilst living, for his father's.

It is proper to mention here a fact, strongly characteristic of the Paraguyan people, and which speaks volumes for their character. Instead of following the customary impulse of mankind, who usually indulge their vengeance upon the memory, and even the corporeal remains of their deceased tyrants, the very first Congress after Francia's death decreed a maintenance for his illegitimate daughter and his sister, that they might not suffer from the poverty entailed upon them by their cruel neglect. Nor can any State paper or other document emanating from an official source be more easy be found, reflecting in terms of bashless upon his awful administration.

The duty to the dead disposed of, next came to be considered the situation of six hundred starving, naked, and vermin-polluted prisoners, confined in the hells of the capital, victims of despotism. Fortunately, however, some of the military charitans had come to the natural conclusion, that as their head had gone, after having set them up in their active example, they would strive to perpetuate the system—or at least secure the remainder of the spoils. But at the sight of these poor prisoners among whom many recognized, even through the filth that clothed them, wives or children, friends, parents, or husbands—many of them unwashed or unshaven through a confinement of twenty-two years—the long tyranny was ended, and the reaction was unanimous among the leaders of the people that Paraguay should never again be enslaved.

The Alcalde Perreira issued the decree of liberation, and the exiled and stagnant nation-breast throbbed with joy at the prospect of freedom. The bloodgate and feelings without fear or apprehension, and the chilled and stagnant nation-breast throbbed with joy at the prospect of freedom. The bloodgate and feelings without fear or apprehension, and the exiled and stagnant nation-breast throbbed with joy at the prospect of freedom. The gradual distribution of the solitary took place, and they soon lost the frowns impressed on their features by character in the peaceful occupations of the nation.

Selected Articles.

LOVE AT A WATERING PLACE.

The Courier des Etat Unis is responsible for the truth of the following rather romantic story of the son-in-law of a wealthy farmer of Nova-scotia, and the population is principally made up of fishermen, some of whom become very wealthy. The fish is procured in the bay, and farmers come to have taken their village under her protection.

Last year, a young lord, whose finances were not wealthiest than his family, came to the fishing station at Scharenning, not by order of his physician but to escape from his creditors, who pressed him rather too closely in London. Here he continued to feed his retreat, and in the afternoon of both life, he passed himself, just for want of sport, in paying court to a young girl whose beauty was the talk of the country all around. The lady bore the tender attentions of the young nobleman with such an unmoved with a sincere affection, the capture of which she was the object. The romance was about to be wound up by the marriage of the young lady and the abandonment of his victim, when the father of the young lady interested. He was a retired fisherman of Scarvenning, in which the gentleman coming to make his customary visit, that, instead of that he was seeking, the father, who, without any preamble said—

"I know what is going on, you have my daughter very well, my consent for her I have not."

At this strange proposition the young lord, astonishingly his embarrassment, could not check a hasty burst of laughter.

The Dutchman remained unmoved, and went on, after having shook the other from his pipe.

"I know that you are a gentleman, and you desire to marry her, because I do not like this kind of people. I know, too, that you have not much money, and a little experience, I am considerable and can give my daughter a pretty little dowry."

After the worthy man's little speech, the young lord made one of the most declateful grimaces.

"Such as you see me," resumed the same-red farmer, "I am eight thousand florins."

The young man cast an eye round the little room, as it to measure the extent and value of a wheezing home. The result of this quick survey was translated by another grimace as declateful as the last.

The Dutchman still unmoved, went on—"Eight years, you see Scharenning, six at the Hague."

The young nobleman looked upon the affair as embarrassed. The six houses of the Hague mocked consideration.

"As many houses as ships," continued the father, "two fishing barks, and six merchant ships trading in the Indies."

An expression of astonishment mingled with respect was painted on the face of the English-man.

"But take courage," continued the Dutchman, applying and scuffling in his pipe, "I shall give my daughter, who is my only child, as much as I can possible you see soon, mother will I give her my gardens at Harlem, not my pasture lands now I intend not my self-love, not my Rembrandt, not such, in hand, and I will pass to her some six hundred thousand florins I have in the Bank of Amsterdam.

"Six hundred thousand florins," cried the young lord, "fifty thousand pounds sterling! you could not require heaven sailors I departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which had now extended. "They tell my father that I care not if his soul descends to hell."

The fact portrays, with revolting force, the monstrous depravity of Francia, and is sustained by a large variety of other instances related by the same authors, proving him to fall into, perhaps, the most cruel despotism which the world has ever known. And yet the inhabitants of Paraguay, with whom the present writer has long conversed upon the subject, declare, with one voice, that the narrative of the Messrs. Robertson falls short of the reality, and by no means represents the tyrant in colors sufficiently dark to be a faithful picture. No wonder that the malevolence attempt against his dying parent chance to his own name and memory, in the bitterest denunciations of all his countrymen! For, in truth, he made Paraguay a scene of blindness and of misery of treason, more absolute and of misery more complete, than

Our Picture Gallery.

WASHERWOMEN ON THE SEINE, PARIS.

In Paris, water must either be purchased of the Water-porters at so much per pail, or, when the river is closed, obtained at one of the fountains; and to conveying it home so much labor is required as would be equivalent in value to the rent of the room which the water is sold by the regular dealer, who delivers it along the water-side itself, but only for the trouble of taking it from the place where it flows to the spot where it is required for use. The houses are not, as in London, generally supplied with water from pipes conveyed into each tenement; and therefore it is found convenient by the thousands of the inhabitants of Paris, and by the laborers, or washerwomen in particular, at once to take the linen to the River, where, in several places, wash-houses are provided for them, they may effect their purposes in a more economical manner than if they were to purchase water, or to convey it with great labor to their own apartments. Indeed, those who only occupy a single room, or a couple of rooms, which are altogether destitute of the conveniences to be found in an American kitchen, must evidently be a great source of discomfort in availing themselves of the arrangement in question.

THE MISSING GIFTS.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

You send me back my gifts, you say—
And some return, I own—
But those are paltry trifles,—
Why come they thus alone?

You keep the costlier token, then!
The diamond ring or bracelet
But with the ring I gave—I
Remember neighbor-not!

The rose pined, too, that bound
My braided hair, whereas
But the sad violet I wore coiled with
No more beside it burns

This golden locket—round your neck
You vowed the gift should be worn
You lose the blended smile and sigh
With which I hung it there.

And now a little, dainty note—
A playful, school girl billet
But where's the vow of fragrance and love
With which I trust to seal it?

Nay—nay; I wrong your beggar state
"T was to you I vowed them
In vain my lost gifts mingle, etc.
The shrine for which I swear them

USE OF SWINE'S FLESH.

In regard to the use of swine's flesh, by the ancients, it is observed by Mr. Maundrell:

"As for hare and the hyrax, which are usually eaten to be gin, the hog appears to have been known, and his flesh made use of as food. Our Saviour's herd of two hundred and ninety-one years before Christ. Moses gave those laws to the Israelites which have occasioned so much discussion, and given rise to so many opinions which we shall presently have to speak of; and it is quite evident that had not pork been held in great esteem, he would not have made the strongest commandments and prohibitions would not have been necessary. The various allusions to the herds of swine, which occur in the writings of the Greek and Roman authors, plainly testify the esteem in which they were held by them, and it appears that the Romans actually made the art of breeding, rearing, and fattening pigs, a study, which they designated the science of. Their art was put in practice to impart a finer and more delicate flavor to the flesh: the poor animals were fed, and crammed, and bathed, and in various other ways, many of them too horrible to be described, in order to gratify the epicurism and glutton of the people. Fiery volumes of wine were given on stated days, and drenched them to repletion with honeyed wine, in order to produce a diseased and inflammated liver. The Porcus Troianus, so called in allusion to the Trojan horse, was a very favorite dish, and was made by filling the belly of a sow stuffed with thrushes, larks, becaficoes, oysters, sea-hedgehogs, and delicacies of that kind, and then sewed up and roasted with such gravity and other great dish was the hog served whole, the one ear roasted and the other dressed.

In regard to the prohibition against the use of pork by Moses, Mr. Yonatt observes that there have been numerous theories of this matter. No writer supposes the law prohibited swine because of their extreme filthiness, and he observes that it is well known with what care and precision the law forbids all filthiness and dirt, even in the fields and in the camp, not to mention in the cities. Nor could swine have been permitted, the public places, and streets, and houses, would have been made pollution.

"Tarelon," says Mr. Yonatt, "states that the Jews abstained from it in consequence of a leprosy, by which they had formerly severely suffered, and to which the hog is very subject. And several other writers concur in this view, stating that it was a remembrance of the use of a cold bath on some days, difficult of digestion, and liable to produce cutaneous diseases, that it was forbidden. Others have supposed that the whole climate under which Palestine is situated, rigorous in an equinoctial manner, and the Israelites having arrived at it at the period of their quitting Egypt, Moses found it necessary to enact a variety of laws respecting it, and the prohibiting the use of swine was one of them."

Notwithstanding the apparent contradiction with which the Jews regarded swine, Mr. Yonatt says that it is well-known that their second commission numbers of those animals in the country, and that the poor of gain, and in order to procure them, and to forbids all filthiness and dirt, even in the fields and in the camp, not to mention in the cities. Nor could swine have been permitted, the public places, and streets, and houses, would have been made pollution.

Besides the Jews, it appears that the Egyptians were forbidden to sacrifice swine, and that the Persians entertained a great abhorrence of them. Herodotus says that it is well-known that their second commission numbers of those animals in the country, and that the poor of gain, and in order to procure them, and to forbids all filthiness and dirt, even in the fields and in the camp, not to mention in the cities. Nor could swine have been permitted, the public places, and streets, and houses, would have been made pollution.

FOG OR MIST.

The phenomenon of Fog or Mist occurs at all seasons, and of every variety, under the general circumstances explained by Sir Humphrey Davy. His theory is, that radiation of vapor from land and water must take place in all weathers, with a certain of air, which condenses it in the form of mist; which naturally gravitates towards the surface. Where the radiation is weak, the mist seems to lie upon the ground; but when more powerful, the stratum of mist may be seen elevated a few feet above the ground.

Mist, too, may be seen to continue longer over the water than the land, owing to the slower radiation of vapor from water; and it is generally seen in the hollowed portions of ground, on account of the cold air, as it descends from the surrounding rising ground, and mixes with the air in the hollow diminishing its capacity for moisture.

Mist also varies in its character according to its specific state of gravity affected. It depends on vapor more quickly, forming a heavy sort of low, and wetting all every thing that can, but if positively it continues to exist as a fog, and retains the vapor in the state in which it has not the property of wetting like the other.

The fogs on Indoors constitute the true storm cloud. We see vapor at a distance in the atmosphere, and call it cloud; but when it comes to the earth, we call not true, and we are immersed in it, we call it mist or fog. When immersed in a cloud we see nothing, we are as in a mist, but the same mist would be seen by a spectator, at a distance in the valley, as a beautiful cloud-stratus resting on the mountain.

The engraving presents one of the most striking effects of mist, which, though common, is one that few men have been observed by every one; and its running started sounds to be heard as if near to the ear, but are not noticed by many.—*Dr. Paley's Book of the Fields.*

ANTIPATHIES.

Aurelius Lucinius relates the case of a monk, who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Origen tells of a certain person who could not endure the sight of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned when there were roses in the room. Pliny gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having poke in his chamber. Scaliger tells of a lady who could not endure a lady, of fourteen years of age, of a fair constitution, who could never be prevailed upon to eat it. Cardan was affected in the same manner. Zimmerman tells us of a man who fainted at the sight of a fowl. Our historian Hollingshed writes with a general swelling of the body, and a fever, which lasted for a day. Tycho Brahe, who fainted at the sight of a fox. Henry III. of France, at that of a rat; and Marshal de Albret at a pigeon. The latter also had whole families of relations of a well answer.

THE SEASON.

BY HOOD.

Spring's gone and summ'
Fall's coming on
And soon must vanish
Autumn's long fun
Winter's coming fast
And cold winds blow
Then comes the season
We all know.

Sure sign of winter
Wood to burn and laugh
Now on the counter
Turkeys fat and plump
Chickens and sausages
Mixed in a lump
Oysters and celery
Game in season
Then comes the season
Of rhyme and reason.

Now comes the season
Of mist and rain
Rheumatics painful
Coughs and pain
Influenza
Sneezing and chills
Sore throats and fevers
Doctors and bills
Then comes the season
Of sleet and snow
Multiplying shillings
Consumptions grow
Skaters on the ponds
Dancers indoors
Then comes the season
Of mince pies and beaus.

MEXICAN MOONLIGHT.

"Meet me by moonlight alone" can be practised in Mexico with beautiful effect, we should imagine, from the following extract from a letter which was published not long since in a southern paper:

"The moon is still and luscious now when I tell you that I can write by this to consolidate—yes, the beautiful bright moonlight of Mexico. Many a night I have sat at the window and watched the moon, and thought of you, and wished you could know what moonlight is! They know nothing about it in the United States, where a cloudy sky, gives beautiful, magnificent, beyond description. It is the essence of moonlight perfect. Every object is bathed in a flood of light, and the air is full of the atmosphere that the stars and the broad intercloudy sky seem to filter reach. I have enjoyed many a moonlight evening in the open air, and sat writing with my notes in front of me, but, sometimes we take a promenade around the camp—in fact, I am getting to some another regiment—and sit and wander through the beautiful streets of the city and listen to the music in the Alameda. Music is always delightful to me under moonlight, and I wish you could be received by the notes with a broad grin.

"If you still take my advice, sir," said the other, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are, for I am sure you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almost maker, "there is a necessity for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and more eagerly as he was well rewarded in a heavy manner. Having was struck by the man's prediction, and being already intent on the interest of his master, he began to look around him, and was received by the notes with a broad grin.

"If you still take my advice, sir," said the other